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wonderful largnes, so as the space of his forehead, betwixt his two eyes, was a span brodé. Ther apeared in his skul the signes and printes of ten wounds or more, al which were growen into one wem, except only that, which seemed to be his death's wound, which, being greater than the rest, apeared very plain. Also, in opening the tomb of his wif buried with him, they found the tresses of her hayre ful and perfect, finly platted, of colour like the burnished gould, which, being touched, immediately fel to dust. The Abbot, who then was head of the House, cauled Stephen, or Henry, de Blois, or de Sully, nephew to King Henry II., by whos commaundment he had serched for the grave of Arthur, translated the bones of the King and Quene into the great church, and ther buried them in a fair double tomb of marble, laieng the body of the King at the head of the tomb, and the body of the Queen at the fete, towards the west part. The writer of the History of Cambria, or Cymbri, saieth, that the bones of the King and Quene were found in the Isle of Analon\*, (which is of Aples), without the Abbey of Glastenbury, 15 fote within the ground, and that the grave was found by means of a bard, whom the King heard at Pembrok, singing the actes of King Arthur, and the place of his burial.

“By that, which hath been said, it apeareth, that this was another Gwenhwyfar than the adultres, who married Mordred †. And to make any matter, whether the tre, wherein King Arthur was buried, was an oke or an alder, I think it vain. Giraldus saieth it was an oke, Powel an alder. The British and Scottish history agre, that King Arthur lived in the daies of Justinian, the Emperor, and died about 15 years after his raig, Ann. Dom. 542: Vitus saieth in the 21st yeare of his raig, Powel in the 26th yeare. Leland, a worthy antiquary, hath gathered many aparent proufs of King Arthur and his noble actes.”

#### WELSH METRES ‡.

“Poetry and good language were in greater perfection in Wales a little before and a little after the Norman Conquest than they have been since; and the historical part of our poems is a great

\* Avalon.—Ed.

† According to the ancient Welsh records Arthur had three wives of the name of Gwenhwyfar, and one called Gwenhwyfach. Mordred, here mentioned, must be a mistake for Medrawd, whose traitorous conspiracy against Arthur is recorded in the Triads.—Ed.

‡ Yorke's Royal Tribes of Wales, p. 67 in the Notes.

light to historians, both English and Welsh, Irish and Scotch. Goronwy Owain on this subject says, 'I find the old metres were what all compositions of that nature should be, that is, Lyric Verses adapted to the tunes and metres then in use. Of this sort were the several kinds of *Englynion*, *Cywyddau*, *Odlau*, *Gwawdodyn*, *Toddad*, *Trybedd y Myneich*, and *Glogyrnach*, which appear to have in their composition the authentic stamp of genuine lyric poetry, and of true primitive antiquity. As to the rest, I mean *Gorchest y Beirdd*, *Huppynt Hir* and *Byr*, being the newest, they were falsely thought the most ingenious, and accurate, kinds of metres. But I look upon them to be rather depravations, than improvements, in our poetry. What a groveling, low, thing the *Gorchest y Beirdd* is? And I would have an impartial answer, whether the old, despised, exterminated *Englyn Milwr* hath not something of antique majesty in its composition. Now, when I have a mind to write good sense in such metre as *Gorchest y Beirdd*, and so begin, and the language itself does not afford words, that will come in to finish with sense and *cynghanedd* too, what must I do? Why, to keep *cynghanedd*, i. e. the alliteration, I must write nonsense to the end of the metre, and cramp and fetter good sense, whilst the dictionary is overturned and tormented to find out words of a like ending, sense or nonsense; and besides, suppose our language was more comprehensive and significant than it is, (which we have no reason or room to wish), what abundance of mysterious sense is such an horrid, jingling, metre, of such a length, able to contain! In short, as I understand, that it and its fellows were introduced by the authority of an *Eisteddfod*, I wish we had an *Eisteddfod* again to give them their *dimittimus* to some peaceable acrostic land, to sport and converse with the spirits of deceased puns, quibbles, and conundrums of pious memory; then should I gladly see the true primitive metres reinstated in their ancient dignity, and sense regarded more than a hideous jingle of words, which hardly ever can bear it.'

"The Welsh poetry had great compass and variety. Dr. John David Rhys, the physician and grammarian, who took his degree in Italy, introduces a comparison between the Welsh and Italian poetry, and inserts a whole Italian poem, marked in the manner he has done the Welsh. In Metastasio is a poem similar to a very favourite measure in Welsh poetry, viz.

'*Sopra il santissimo*.'—Natale Ode, vol. 9.

In this the end of the first line rhymes to the middle of the second, and the end of the second to the middle of the third."